

The Avalanche

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN,

O. PALMER,
Editor and Proprietor

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Notes on Seed Corn.

The Michigan Experiment Station has tested many ears of seed corn in the spring of 1907. The per cent of ears with low germination is so large as to warrant the printing of caution to farmers against planting untested seed. The best that can be done at present in the way of seed testing is to take five kernels from different parts of the ear and plant them in a square which can be recognized as belonging to that ear. Shallow boxes fully an inch deep are filled with sand and divided into squares an inch and a half by an inch and a half, using twine stretched across the top of the box to mark the divisions. Keep the soil wet and warm. Allow as many kernels as will to germinate, then grow for three or four days to compare the vigor. Reject all ears which do not show an even growth of the young plants and a germination of at least four out of the five kernels tested.

A trial was made on the college farm of several varieties of corn to determine their relative yield on plots of equal size. The varieties with the yields of corn are given below:

Ear corn per acre	4.824
Silver King	4.741
Hathaway	4.147
White Cap	5.324
Mortgage Lifter	5.090
Lake's Select	4.923
Rent Bros.	3.824
Neyenhuis	3.297
90 Day Flint	4.637
Golden Ideal	

Where ears of corn were separately shelled and the product of each ear planted in a single row until the shelled corn from 108 ears had been planted in 108 rows, great variation in yield were observed. The same number of hills were planted in each row. The highest yield was 267 lbs. of which 232 lbs. were merchantable ears. One of the smallest yields was 127 lbs. of which 102 lbs. were merchantable ears. Note that one ear when shelled gave seed which yielded less than half as much merchantable corn as did an equal number of hills planted with the kernels from another ear and yet there were no outward characteristics to determine by inspection which ear would be most productive.

Thirty-six seed ears from the three highest yielding rows were compared with 15 seed ears from three of the lowest yielding rows. Thirty of the first selection stood the germination test. A wise farmer will plant a few ears, an ear to the row, and will keep track of the yields of each, in order to find out from which he should select his seed ears for the next year.

C. D. SMITH,
Director.

A Talk With You, Boys.

Boys, this is for you. It's not a sermon. Boys don't like to be preached to. We never did. It's only a little talk about another boy with some facts we think you ought to know.

It starts in Detroit. There was a boy there named Herbert Secret, just as smart and bright as you are. But perhaps nobody explained things to him, and when he was 9 years old he began to smoke cigarettes. He died the other day at the age of 16, and he died on account of the cigarettes. When they told him there was no hope he hid his face in the pillow a minute, and then begged to live long enough to warn his playmates, because he knew many of them were smoking cigarettes too, and he wanted them to know how foolish they were.

After it was all over, the doctors made an examination. What do you suppose cigarettes had done to that boy? They had destroyed half his heart.

It's because cigarettes have such a dangerous effect on young boys that we want to tell you about it.

To begin with, you must know that cigarettes contain at least two actual poisons. One is called nicotine, and one drop of it will kill a full-grown dog. Another is called emphysema oil, and two drops of this will kill a cat before you can turn around.

This is the way these poisons work. When you draw cigarette smoke into your mouth, or worse still, your lungs, these poisons are taken into your system, and then they immediately begin to affect your heart, your heart, your stomach, your lungs, your brain, your blood, your spinal chord, and all the forces that are trying so hard to help you grow up into a strong man. You see, all these forces are tender in you. They are growing, the same as you are. They can not resist these terrible poisons, so they stop developing, and you stop developing, too.

That would be bad enough, if cigarettes only stupefied you; but they do more than that. They induce dyspepsia and blindness and paralysis. They induce loss of memory, headaches, indigestion, palpitation of the heart and palsy, so that your hands tremble and shake like those of very old people. They result sometimes in convulsions

Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER.

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, MAY 30, 1907.

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NOTES ON SEED CORN.

and epileptic fits. Often they produce painful and unsightly ulcers of the mouth or cancer of the tongue, which of course means that the doctor must cut out your tongue in order to save your life. Cigarettes encourage a boy to form the habit of drinking. They make you a slave. You can not hold up your head and be your own master. You lose your self-respect. And as your body becomes stunted and diseased and your brain becomes stunted and diseased, as your nature becomes stunted and diseased. You lose courage, you lose your ability to preserve and fight and be a man.

Boys, it's a bad business. There isn't any use in it, and there isn't any sense in it. It is bad enough for men, but when growing boys smoke cigarettes, they may as well go into the drug store and eat supper out of the big bottles behind the prescription desk.

Cut it out, fellows, and be men.

Water Way or Railway.

D. & B. Lake Line Accepts Railway Tickets.

All classes of tickets reading via the Michigan Central, Wabash and Grand Trunk Railways between Detroit and Buffalo in either direction are available for transportation on D. & B. Daily Line Steamers. This arrangement enables the traveler between eastern and western states to forsake the hot, dusty cars and enjoy the delights of a cool night's rest en route. Send stamp for booklet and Great Lakes map. Address Detroit & Buffalo Steamboat Co., May 16-5t 6 Wayne St., Detroit, Mich.

We have just settled a Tariff dispute with Europe and are threatened with a like dispute with France. But Tariff wars, however serious, do not mean an impairment of the Protective Tariff principle. The very best evidence of the efficacy and value of our Protective Tariff in building up and maintaining American trade. In the good old Tariff for revenue only days, when we bought nearly everything from Europe, we never had Tariff wars; simply because, commercially speaking, we tramped on nobody's toes; and we can easily rid ourselves now of all Tariff wars and Tariff complications by wiping out the Protective principle and adjusting our Tariff on purely revenue lines. Incidentally, however, we would wipe out 90 per cent of American industry.

Commercial conflicts are an inevitable result of commercial growth. As American trade extends more and more, foreign rivals will be more and more active in legislative attacks. But we need not fear these and surely on account of them we will be driven from that wise and safe policy that has done so much to build up American industry and stimulate American commerce.

A Life Lengthened 20 Years.

S. P. Mason, Druggist, Marke, Ind. says: "Twenty years ago I bought Warner's White Wine of Tar and gave a bottle to Jas. Ledbetter. Doctors said he could not live. One bottle cured him. He is alive and well today. For sale at Central Drug Store.

My Best Friend.

Alexander Benton, who lives on Rural Route 1, Fort Edward, N. Y., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is my best earthly friend. It cured me of asthma six years ago. It has also performed a wonderful cure of incipient consumption for my son's wife. The first bottle ended the terrible cough, and this accomplished, the other symptoms left by one, until she was perfectly well. Dr. King's New Discovery's power over coughs and colds is simply marvelous." No other remedy has ever equaled it. Fully guaranteed by L. Fournier druggist, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

A Water Way Honeymoon.

Newly Married Couples Take the D. & B. Daily Line Steamers

Across Lake Erie.

These are the days of the June brides and many bridal couples enjoy the delightful lake ride between Detroit and Buffalo. A trip on the palatial steamers, Eastern States and Western States, fills all requirements furnishing romance and seclusion, at reasonable figures. Staterooms and parlors reserved in advance. Send two-cent stamp for illustrated booklet and Great Lakes map. Address Detroit & Buffalo Steamboat Co., May 16-5t 6 Wayne St., Detroit, Mich.

Don't Pay Alimony

To be divorced from your appendix. There will be no occasion for it if you keep your bowels regulated with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Their action is so gentle that the appendix never has cause to make the least complaint. Guaranteed by L. Fournier druggist. \$3.00. Try them.

Don't Believe All You Read.

Don't take my word but ask anyone of the millions that have used Warner's White Wine of Tar, the best remedy on earth for coughs and colds. For sale at Central Drug Store.

A Narrow Escape.

G. W. Cloyd, a merchant of Plunk, Mo., had a narrow escape four years ago when he ran a Jimson bur into his thumb. He says: "The doctor wanted to amputate it but I would not consent. I bought a box of Bucklin's Arnica Salve and that cured the dangerous wound." 25c at L. Fournier druggist.

Cape Cod Folk. Some curiously appropriate names are to be found among the citizens of a small village on Cape Cod. The local lumber dealer is named Lumber, the fish merchant is Mr. Phlaney, the minister is Mr. Paradise and the provision dealer is Mr. Bacon.

Where Will You Go This Summer?

If you desire rest and recreation why not try

"The River St. Lawrence Trip?" Folders descriptive of the Thousand Islands, Rapides, Montreal, Quebec, Murray Bay, Tadoussac, the far famed Saguenay river, etc., on application to any Railway or Steamboat Ticket Agent.

For illustrated guide, "Niagara to the Sea," send 6c in postage stamps to H. Foster Chaffee, A. G. P. A., Toronto, R. & O. Navigation Co., May 16-5t.

Public Notice.

The village clerk is now ready to issue dog license for the season of 1907 under ordinance of the village of Grayling.

H. P. OLSON, Village Clerk.

Wonderful Eczema Cure.

"Our little boy had eczema for five years," writes N. A. Adams, Henrietta Pa. "Two of our home doctors said the case was hopeless, his lungs being affected. We then employed other doctors, but no benefit resulted. By chance we read about Electric Bitters; bought a bottle and soon noticed improvement. We continued this medicine until several bottles were used, when our boy was completely cured." Best of all blood medicines and body building health tonics. Guaranteed at L. Fournier's Drug store, 50c.

Public Notice.

Notice is hereby given that bids will be received at the office of the village clerk for building of cement sidewalks in the village of Grayling, season of 1907 under specifications on file in the office of the village clerk. Bids will be received until June 3rd, 1907, the Common Council reserving the right to accept or reject all bids.

H. P. OLSON, Village Clerk.

Niagara to the Sea.

is the title of a handsomely illustrated booklet issued by the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., describing their delightful trip from Niagara to 1,000 Islands, down the St. Lawrence, Rapides, to Montreal, Quebec and the far famed Saguenay river. Copies of this publication can be obtained by sending 6c postage to H. Foster Chaffee, A. G. P. A., R. & O. N. Co., Toronto, May 16-5t.

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The Robbery on The Valley Pike

It was early on a summer morning, Father and I, with Joel Pierce, the hired man, were in the barn-yard, preparing for the day's work, when old Benno Hamilton drove up the lane. Benno Hamilton lived in Clayville, eight miles distant, and was the father of Ben Hamilton, Clayville's only blacksmith.

The deacon stopped at the gate. "Good morning, Mr. Norcross!" he said, addressing my father. "I'm just on my way up to Hocum's mill, and I presumed son I'd stop here and give you a message from him. He says if that offer you made him last Thursday still holds good, he'll take the team out, and pay spot cash for it. He says he wants it right away, and would like you to send it down this morning. Good day!" Jerking the reins, the deacon drove on.

Joel and I, having oiled all four wheels of the large hay wagon, started toward the barn, but just as I reached the door, father called me back.

"Aum," said he, "Joel and I will never have than our hands full to-day with the extra work, so neither of us can spare time to go down to Clayville. But I need that eighty dollars. Now do you think you could take the colt down to Clayville without breaking your neck, and bring back the eighty dollars without losing it all on the way?"

"Oh, yes, father, yes!" I cried, eagerly. "Let me do it! I can take the colt down as safely as you or Joel could. And you needn't be afraid of my losing the money. I'll look out for that."

After a moment's hesitation, father said, "Well, put the saddle and bridle on the colt, and bring it out."

I had never been permitted to ride the colt before, so I hailed this unexpected opportunity with delight.

It was eight miles to Clayville, just the right distance for a pleasant morning's ride. And the walk home was nothing to me. Then, too, this prospective mission had in it an element of importance—the sum of money with which I was to be entrusted.

In less than four minutes I had saddled and bridled the colt, and had led it down to the gate, where father was awaiting me.

"Now, Tom," said father, after looking the colt over, "you can leave the saddle and bridle at Hamilton's, and we'll get them the next time we drive to town."

He paused for a moment, and then proceeded to give me instructions about the eighty dollars that I was to bring home. I was to put this in father's leather wallet, tie the wallet securely at the top, and place it in the inside pocket of my roundabout.

Ten minutes later I rode the colt out through the barn-yard gate, and down the lane to the pike.

Out on the broad, smooth pike, the colt, with but little urging, started off at an easy, swinging gallop. The air was cool and crisp; the grass at the roadside sparkled with dew, and up in the treetops the birds were singing their sweetest songs.

The clock on the court house was striking eight as I arrived in Clayville, and rode down Main street, upon which, a block beyond the court house, is situated the village smithy.

When I rode in through the doorway of the smithy, and slipped down from the saddle, flushed and warm from my ride, Hamilton was fitting a shoe to one of the most magnificent horses that I have ever seen. With the single exception of a white star on its forehead, the horse was entirely black, its glossy coat resembling the finest black satin. It continually tossed its head, arching its pretty neck, and uttering its thick black mane; and I could not but notice how plain and ugly our poor roan colt looked in comparison.

Hamilton looked up and nodded as I entered, but immediately gave his attention to the black horse.

"How would you like to trade, boy?" said a voice behind me. Turning, I discovered a man whom I had not noticed before, seated upon a half-keg near the door.

"Is that your horse?" I inquired, as having made the colt's bridle fast to a post, I seated myself upon another overturned keg near the stranger.

"Yes," he replied, smiling, "that is my horse."

The stranger seemed a very pleasant man in his manner, and not unpleasant in appearance. He was about fifty years of age, or perhaps a year or two older; he was short and stout, and had a round face, which was smooth-skinned and very red. And his eyes, very little and very round, twinkled merrily, like two little green beads.

"Have you come far this morning?" he asked.

I replied that I had come from my home, eight miles up the pike.

"You've brought your horse down to be shod, have you?" was his next query.

"No, sir," I said, "he doesn't need to be shod. I have brought him down to sell. Mr. Hamilton is going to buy him."

During the next few minutes the stranger sat silent, blinking at the back of the shop, where his horse was occupying Hamilton's attention. Then suddenly turning, he said, "Are you in a hurry?"

On my replying that I was in a hurry, nothing needed at home, he told Hamilton to attend to me and let his own horse wait. I considered this very kind and thoughtful.

Hamilton thrust a half-finished tobacco-pipe back among the glowing embers, whetted the bellows several times, and then came over to where the colt was tied. He untied it, and led it once or twice round the shop, carefully watching its every movement, and then led it again.

"I know the critter well enough," he said. "Now, sonny, did your pa say whatever I was to give you the money for the colt?"

"Not one," I replied. "He said you

were to give me the eighty dollars, and he gave me this to put it in." I showed him the wallet.

Hamilton reached into his pocket, under his big leather apron, and brought out seven ten dollar bills, and two five dollar bills, which he had smoothed out and carefully counted into my hands. After I had stowed them safely in the wallet, he handed me a soiled piece of paper and a pencil, saying, "Give me a receipt, please." And I saw him wink across my shoulder at the stranger, who was probably an interested spectator.

I had never written a receipt, but I had an idea of how it should be done; so, ignoring Hamilton's wink, I held the paper up against the wall and scrawled upon it with the pencil:

Mr. Hamilton gave me eighty dollars for the colt. Yours truly,

Thomas Norcross.

I have since learned that etiquette does not require the use of the words "yours truly" in signing a receipt; also, that a flourish under one's signature adds nothing to its value. But I was young then, and I wanted to be polite.

After an affectionate farewell to the colt, I told Hamilton to keep the saddle and bridle until we drove to town the next time; and then, nodding to him and the stranger, and with one last look at the latter's beautiful horse, I departed.

In less than ten minutes I had left Clayville behind me, and was walking homeward along the dusty pike.

At first I grumbled considerably to myself at the unkind fate that compelled me, on so warm a day, to wear a roundabout; but by the exercise of my ever-ready philosophy, I consoled myself with thinking how much worse it would have been had I been compelled to wear shoes and stockings.

This cheered me to some extent, so I skipped along very merrily, stopping every few rods to assure myself that the wallet was still safe in my pocket.

I was about half-way home when I heard behind me, far down the pike, the sound of a galloping horse.

For a while I paid no attention to this; but finally, when it had almost overtaken me, I turned, and discovered my friend, the stranger. I halted in order to have another look at the black horse when it about passed.

The stranger galloped past, and as he did so, nodded pleasantly; but just as I was about to resume my way, he suddenly wheeled round in front of me

and stopped. I supposed that his reason for stopping was to invite me to ride. But I was sadly mistaken.

"Rub," he said, still smiling, "give me that money! Quick!"

For a moment I was dumb with astonishment; then recovering my speech, I blurted out, "W-w-what?"

Once or twice I was on the point of rushing back to the house to tell my story to mother; for I knew that she would comfort me, and if necessary, intercede on my behalf. But I was near to the place where father and Joel were working; and a voice within me seemed to whisper, "Don't be a coward, Tom Norcross!" So I hurried on.

I paid no attention to him; nor did the horse heed his late master's vociferous "whoas."

On we galloped. I did not sing now. I have a faint recollection of passing several men and boys during that ride, one or two of whom, I believe, called after me. But who they were or what they said to me, I do not know.

And on we galloped. We passed the old blasted oak at the corner of Watson's corn-field, and ascended the slight rise in the pike known as Bender's Knoll. And then my heart gave a great bound as I saw, through a gap in the hills before me, the end of our big red barn, and a little farther on, the brown, unpainted roof of the farmhouse.

A few moments later I rode in through the barn-yard gate; and, after tying the horse to the fence, I hastened over into the fields to convey to father and Joel my momentous news. Again and again I asked myself: "What will father say?"

Once or twice I was on the point of rushing back to the house to tell my story to mother; for I knew that she would comfort me, and if necessary, intercede on my behalf. But I was near to the place where father and Joel were working; and a voice within me seemed to whisper, "Don't be a coward, Tom Norcross!" So I hurried on.

"Well, Tom," said father, as I came up, "did you bring the money with you?"

"I started home with it, pa," I said, "but, pa, I—I—I—was—I was—robbed."

"What?" said father, straightening himself with a jerk.

"So," said Joel, incredulously, "I want to know!"

"Tom, do you mean to say that you were robbed on your way up from Clayville?" said father.

For reply I told my story from beginning to end. "Now, pa, it wasn't my fault, was it?" I asked.

"No, Tom," said father. "I don't think it was your fault; but—let's go and take a look at that horse."

I ran ahead of father and Joel, and by the time they reached the barn-yard gate I had led the horse down to meet them.

Father carefully looked the horse over, searched in vain for spavin or ringbone, and forced its mouth open to examine its teeth.

"Here, Joel," he said, "lead him up and down once or twice."

Joel led the horse up and down the pike several times, while father, standing at a little distance, eyed it critically.

Finally father turned to me.

"Tom," he said, "this horse is worth a great deal more than eighty dollars. It is very doubtful if the scamp who robbed you actually owns the animal.

If he does, he will never come to claim it. But it is probable that it belongs to some one else, and that if is so we must seek the owner."

We sought the owner in vain. We advertised the horse five successive weeks in the Exeter County Sentinel, and tacked up a notice in the Clayville postoffice. But we received no reply. The robber himself was never again seen in this part of the country.

One day several weeks later, while I was impelled by curiosity to explore the ground among the trees at the roadside. I did so; and to my astonishment I found, lodged in the uncovered roots of a large oak, father's wallet. The robber had not found it!

There certainly was a robbery on the Valley Pike; but who was robbed, and by whom was the robbery committed? Many years have passed since then, and I am no longer a boy of 15. But to this day my conscience is decidedly uneasy on the subject of the robbery on the Valley Pike.—Youth's Companion.

a glance the explanation of his party terms; for there, not more than a quarter of a mile distant, came a farm wagon drawn by two gray horses. Evidently having seen this only a moment before, and believing that he had but a few brief minutes, in which to consummate his robbery, he had resorted to this daring scheme in sheer desperation.

For a minute or two I could hear the man thrashing around in the tangled brush; and then, apparently surmising that the wallet had fallen at a point some distance back, he pushed farther into the forest and I could hear him no longer.

The farm wagon was rumbling along toward me at a snail's pace. I knew that it would be useless for me to cry for help while the farmer was at that distance; for even if I could make my voice heard, the robber in his wrath might do me bodily injury—perhaps kill me—and escape before the farmer could possibly arrive. So I stood there, my hands trembling, and prayed in an incoherent way that the robber might be delayed until the farmer was near enough to render me some assistance.

Nearer and nearer the wagon came. I could almost distinguish the features of the farmer's face, and could hear quite plainly his cries of "G'day!" and "G'lang!"

For one brief moment I indulged in the illusions of hope, and then my heart sank within me deeper than ever as I saw the team turn into a by-road and disappear.

In a second I had determined upon a wild dash. With difficulty getting my left foot into the stirrup, I swung myself across the saddle. Hardly had I seated myself when the horse started off. And the next minutes we were galloping madly up the pike.

Suddenly I heard far behind me a loud cry; and glancing hastily over my shoulder, I saw the robber come running out of the woods, wildly waving his arms and shaking his fist at us.

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If he does, he will never come to claim it. But it is probable that it belongs to some one else, and that if is so we must seek the owner."

We sought the owner in vain. We advertised the horse five successive weeks in the Exeter County Sentinel, and tacked up a notice in the Clayville postoffice. But we received no reply. The robber himself was never again seen in this part of the country.

One day several weeks later, while I was impelled by curiosity to explore the ground among the trees at the roadside. I did so; and to my astonishment I found, lodged in the uncovered roots of a large oak, father's wallet. The robber had not found it!

There certainly was a robbery on the Valley Pike; but who was robbed, and by whom was the robbery committed? Many years have passed since then, and I am no longer a boy of 15. But to this day my conscience is decidedly uneasy on the subject of the robbery on the Valley Pike.—Youth's Companion.

Up to Date.

This time says the Tablet. It is the Sunday school from which emanates the twentieth century distinction between the "quick" and the "dead."

I prefered losing half day. So I stopped over to where the robber stood.

"All right," I said, grasping the bridle. "I'll hold the horse."

The robber, with the parting injunction, "Never remember what I said!" plunged into the thickets.

If you are not a pugilist, or a soldier, about all a reputation as a fighter will get you in trouble.

If the church is stopped while the butter is yet in the granular stage



there cannot be any such thing as over churning, and with butter in that condition there need be no overworking.

Value of a Ton of Manure.

A load of fresh manure, one ton, contains ten pounds of nitrogen, two pounds of phosphorus and ten pounds of potassium, besides other elements of plant food

Crawford Avalanche.

Editorial, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....	\$1.00
Two Months.....	50
Three Months.....	25

Published as second-class matter at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1893.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, MAY 30.

Additional Local Matter

Women Want the Canteen.

The Women's Canteen Temperance club is the latest development of the movement to secure the restoration of the canteen in United States army posts. Women were largely instrumental in having the canteen abolished; now women are to fight to re-establish that abolishing law.

These clubs are being formed under the auspices of the Spanish War Veterans, and are made up of the mothers, wives and daughters of soldiers.

The movement was started at the national encampment last fall of the Spanish War Veterans. Capt. J. Walter Mitchell was made a special officer for the work, and his wife began organizing clubs among the women. Now clubs are coming into existence all over the country.

The first club organized was that in Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Leis Seymour McConnell was elected president. This club has grown rapidly.

Jamestown wants Michigan Relic.

The historic old rostrum in the capital pioneer room at Lansing is sought as an exhibit for the Jamestown centennial. The rostrum dates back to 1699, when it was in use at Williamsburg, just after the Virginia government had been moved from Jamestown. It may date back even beyond this period. It has passed through the stirring periods in the history of the country. On the organization of the northwest territory it was brought to Marietta, O., and at the beginning of the nineteenth century was brought by Gen. Cass and Solomon Sibley to Detroit. When the capital was removed to Lansing the old rostrum was relegated to the pioneer room.

Four Rules of Life.

First: if possible, be well and have a good appetite. If these conditions are yours, the battle is already half won. Many soul and heart troubles arise, really in the stomach, though it may seem strange to you.

Second: Be busy. Fill the hours so full of useful and interesting work that there shall be no time for dwelling on your trouble, that the day shall dawn full of expectation, the night full of repose.

Third: Forget yourself; you never will be happy if your thoughts constantly dwell upon yourself, your own perfection, your short comings, what people think of you, and so on.

Fourth: Trust in God. Believe that God is, that He really knows what is best for you; believe this truly, and bitterness is gone from life.—The Arrow.

The czar of Russia proposes to put down official corruption by closing up all the social clubs in St. Petersburg in which gambling is permitted. Nowhere is officialdom more corrupt than in Russia, and it has come to the knowledge of the czar that in nine cases out of ten it is the result of gambling. Young officials gamble because it is the "smart" thing to do, and some day they find themselves loaded down with "debts of honor" which it is impossible for them to pay. A method by which they can raise the necessary money is indicated to them, and they save what they are pleased to term their "honor" at the expense of their honesty. They rob their country to pay a card sharper. Some of the most fashionable clubs in St. Petersburg live by their gaudy tables, and the czar's edict will close all these up.

The question has often been asked, "Can the arbutus be transplanted?" And we answer: "Yes, it can." If you have an old pine stump in your yard, so much the better; but if not, in the fall, find some isolated root, and dig a large circle about it, disturbing as little as possible the roots in the lifting, and set out in some shaded southern exposure; or better still if you have it on some southeast bank, where it will get the morning sun and the warmth but not direct glare of the afternoon sun; and my word for it, if you have been careful in the lifting you will be greeted next spring with the daintiest little beauties in your own yard.—Ella F. Cornelius, in National Magazine for May.

After July 1 ordinary stamps may be used in place of a special delivery stamp and people will not be compelled to visit the post office in order to have letters or packages sent by special delivery. In addition to the stamps required to transmit any letter or package or matter through the mails, there must be attached to the envelope or covering ten cents worth of ordinary postage of any denomination, with the words "Special Delivery" or their equivalent, written or printed on the envelope or covering under such regulation as the postmaster general may prescribe. Mail thus stamped will be handled, transported and delivered by the post office in the regulation

Johannesburg Letters.

We are looking for a poet to write a poem on the beautiful snow.

Business was almost entirely suspended here last Monday, May 27th, on account of a raging snow storm. The band mill had to shut down as no cars could be run on the tracks.

Mrs. Sperry of Bay City was a guest of Mr. Becker a few days last week.

Gingell Bros. were pressing hay with their steam press at Vienna and New Toledo last week.

Mr. J. K. Marx who is now on the road for a Saginaw firm, was quite seriously injured, while on a drive one day last week. He has been under the physician's care at his home here for several days. He expects to return to his work this week.

An exciting game of ball was played in Hanson's Park here last Friday afternoon between the Johannesburg and Hetherton high school teams. The score was, Hetherton, 18; Johannesburg, 25. F. L. Michelson and Alex Becker umpired the game.

The Ice Cream Social held at the residence of Mr. Thomas Sheridan last week, and under the supervision of Miss Georgia Sheridan, for the benefit of the Church was a complete success, nearly one hundred of our citizens were present, and were conveyed thither by Mr. Rankin free of charge. The proceeds were over \$17. The Johannesburg band furnished the music.

James Woodburn and son Ernie came up from Grayling last week, to see baby Ruth and shake hands with their friends around town.

The smiling countenance of Walter Hanson on the street last Saturday morning revealed the fact that he had taken another boarder. It took possession of the house Friday evening and is a nice ten pound boy.

The Graduating Exercises of the Johannesburg High school were held at the First Congregational church, Thursday evening of last week, and the large concourse of people present showed the interest taken in the school work. The church was beautifully decorated with white and blue bunting—the class colors. The flowers were the Lilly and the Violet. The Flower Drill by the young ladies was well rendered. The subject of Womans Work was rendered by Miss Neva Defoe and was full of interest, showing that much thought and study had been used in the preparation of her topic. The Class Prophesy given by Miss Florence McDonald was also well rendered, and her ability as a Prophet is not to be questioned. Miss Mary Mathews had the honor of giving the Validictory, and she did it in a way that was an honor to herself, her class and the school. Mr. F. L. Michelson presented the Diplomas with a few well chosen remarks. The Graduates to receive diplomas were Miss Neva Defoe, Miss Mary Mathews and Miss Florence McDonald.

Uncle Josh.

Frederic Freaks.

Snow again! Snow again!

Mr. F. Ward of Bay City and Mr. C. Schoof of Deward visited our town last Saturday.

Mrs. Coombs and little Thalma went to Lapeer Monday for a visit.

George Hunter is now in Duluth, Minn. His wife will make a visit to Bay City and will join her husband in the near future.

Mrs. Flint of Deward who was insane was sent to Pontiac last week.

Mrs. Rhoda King who came home a week ago from Bellaire went up to Deward for a few days.

Geo. Souts and son Donald will go to Duluth, Minn., after disposing of all the furniture.

C. F. Kelley had the misfortune of losing his warehouse by fire last Friday morning about 2 o'clock. loss was quite a little.

The Epworth League sent a delegate to the Bay City convention to be held the 29 and 30 of May.

Mrs. John McGovern is able to be out again.

Mrs. J. Charlefour moved to Boyne City last Saturday where her husband is located.

P. Lovely moved into the old Blancard house.

Pete Moory from Otsego called on us last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gardner and Miss Francis Murphy went to Cheboygan to the Catholic mass by a new priest, there being 12 other priests present.

F. Brown moved back here from Deward.

S. J. Yates has been traveling through the upper peninsula the past two weeks.

Lovell's Local.

Chas. Dickinson came up from Toledo, Ohio, Saturday.

Jacob Truxas shipped in a fine car load of sheep last week.

The stock left a fine bay at Benjamin Speidel's a few days ago.

J. V. and C. W. Miller drove a well for water, they got the water, and oil also. What's the matter of Lovell now?

Gallie Dyer took the job of building a new house on Main Street.

C. W. Miller took a trip to the country seat Monday.

Winter seems to have an everlasting grip on spring. The Whoo-poo-will's have come and gave us a fine concert, Monday's snow storm stopped the music for the present.

DAN.

An Historical City

is quaint old Quebec, whose winding streets and towering battlements are presided over by the atmosphere of departed centuries. Here is the spot where the refined luxury of the Old World first touched the barbaric wilderness of the new. A delightful way to reach this most interesting city is via the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. Ask your nearest ticket agent, or write H. Foster Chaffee, A. G. P. A., Toronto, Canada, may 10th.

The Maid, the Moon and Mackinac.

A Real Love Story.

A delightful romance of a young business man of Buffalo and an ideal summer girl with lustrous eyes and glowing cheeks. This story is enacted while en route on a D. & C. steamer and at Mackinac Island. It tells, in an interesting way what was seen by the moon, and a little bird heard in the land where cool, bracing breezes always blow. Sent to any address for a two-cent stamp.

A. A. SCHANZER, Gen. Mgr.,
May 16, 5w Detroit, Mich.

James Woodburn and son Ernie came up from Grayling last week, to see baby Ruth and shake hands with their friends around town.

The smiling countenance of Walter Hanson on the street last Saturday morning revealed the fact that he had taken another boarder. It took possession of the house Friday evening and is a nice ten pound boy.

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May 16, 5w

Down the St. Lawrence

through the 1,600 Islands, running the Rapids, past Montreal, and quaint Quebec, to the far famed Saguenay river, 800 miles of varied scenery, by boat, with every comfort and convenience. Can this delightful summer outing be surpassed? If you are arranging your vacation trip consider this, and ask your nearest ticket agent or write, H. Foster Chaffee, A. G. P. A., R. & O. N. Co., Toronto Canada.

May 16, 5w

"INTENDANT"

Black Percheron Stallion,

His Record number is 34620

(58,913) 1/2

OWNED BY

Grayling Black Percheron Breeding As'n

GRAYLING - - MICH.

A serious stabbing affray occurred

at Vanderkelt last week in which Ferri Shanks, of Bay City, was also severely wounded he will probably die. Martin Potueny, who wielded the deadly knife, was lodged in the county jail with prospects of a murder charge against him. Shanks was asleep in the car of a road train, when Potueny, who was drinking, made such a noise that he awoke the crew. He was ejected, when he drew a knife and stabbed Shanks' arms and neck and stabbed him through the lungs. Potueny is a Detroit man who served a term in the house of correction for larceny.

Superior Service.

D. & B. Line Steamers Represent the Latest and best in Marine Construction.

Detailed description of the steamers Eastern States and Western States would be tedious. Possibly it may be abbreviated by saying that these new boats are not only the largest and latest but the best on any fresh water in the world. The finest hotel is not better in respect to furnishings. The rooms, sleeping comforts, ventilation and cuisine are altogether admirable on these truly palatial steamers.

Send a two-cent stamp for illustrated booklet and Great Lakes map.

Address D. & B. Steamboat Co., Dept. B. Detroit, Mich.

May 16, 5w

The Best in the World.

Dr. J. W. Hamilton, of San Francisco, writes: "I have sold Warner's White Wine of Tar for years. It is the best remedy I ever saw." For sale at Central Drug Store.

Mrs. John McGovern is able to be out again.

Mrs. J. Charlefour moved to Boyne City last Saturday where her husband is located.

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Public Notice.

Bids for furnishing and laying pipes in cemeteries. Bids will be received at the office of the township clerk of Grayington township for the furnishing of 800 feet of 5-4 inch iron pipe, and 3,200 feet of 3-4 inch iron pipe, also 30 pipes. Further bids will be received at said office for the laying of 4,000 feet of pipe in the cemeteries according to specifications on file with said township clerk. Further bids will also be received for the furnishing of said pipe and laying together. The Township Board reserves the right to accept or reject any or all bids. Said bids will be received until June 1, 1907.

H. P. OLSON, Township Clerk.

Officer is Good Spender.

In a recent case in a Court it was stated that the defendant, a young officer of cavalry, had spent \$400,000 in five months.

How Penn Are Polished.

Pens are polished with every power in a large revolving drum.

Levell's Local.

Chas. Dickinson came up from Toledo, Ohio, Saturday.

Jacob Truxas shipped in a fine car load of sheep last week.

The stock left a fine bay at Benjamin Speidel's a few days ago.

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Gallie Dyer took the job of building a new house on Main Street.

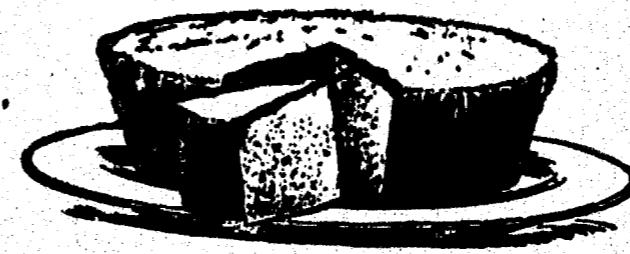
Job Printing

For Sale.

Ten acre farm for sale cheap, good seven room dwelling, frame barn, hen house, and wire netting park for 300 chickens. Buildings insured, a good single buggy with pole, set of heavy road sleighs, corn cultivator, heavy neckyoke and whiffletree, heavy double harness, made to order by McCullough, and various other farm tools. Come and see me at once. A big bargain for you.

A. E. NEWMAN,

Grayling, Mich.



ROYAL Baking Powder is indispensable to the preparation of the finest cake, hot-breads, rolls and muffins.

Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, MAY 30

Local and Neighborhood News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are one dollar per year **IN ADVANCE**. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A **X** following your name means we want our money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondences, etc., must reach us by **Tuesday noon**, and can not be considered later.

China Lau, get it at Sorenson's.
Dairy butter South Side Market.
Don't miss the base ball game to-day.

Sun Proof Paint, guaranteed five years.

Fishing Tackle at Fournier's.

If you have a garden, buy a **Planet Junior No. 4**. The best tool made.

FOR SALE—A new bedroom suit.
REV. L. PILLMEIER.

A guaranteed gold watch given away absolutely free at Hathaway's.

Base ball game between Grayling and Lewiston High school, May 30th.

Highest market price paid for hides.

BRADLEY & SPRAGUE.

Given free, a solution to the butter question at South Side Market.

China Lac covers scratches and marks.

Look up our subscription offers, and arrange for your next years reading at once.

Base Ball Goods at Fournier's.

For sewing machines, the best in the market, and at the lowest price, call at the **AVALANCHE** office.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Michelson, of Hunts Spur, are here for a weeks visit with old friends.

Read Hathaway's ad, then hunt up your old jewelry or bring in your watch or clock to be repaired.

Buy Fishing Tackle at Fournier's.

DIED—On Friday, May 24th, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Howland, at their home in this village.

FOR SALE—House with seven rooms, best location in town. Inquire at my office.
May 23-3w A. P. W. BECKER.

Stop and see the gold watch in Hathaway's window to be given away free. Optical work credited on watch cost.

If you want old papers for your pantry shelves, or to put under carpets, come and get them, we have exchanges especially for you.

D. S. Waldron has assumed the position of night clerk at the "New Russell" which will be appreciated by the patrons.

FOR SALE—A good six-year old mare, due to foal in July. Weight about 1400. E. L. BABBITT, Grayling, Mich. May 30-2w

To our advance paid subscribers we will send the New York Tribune Farmer for 50 cents. Regular price \$1.00 and worth five to any progressive farmer.

Fishing Tackle, fresh and new at Fournier's.

A fine flag staff was raised yesterday in front of the G. A. R. Hall from which will float a flag procured by the W. R. C. "Long may it wave."

FOR SALE—Good cutter, cart, and single harness. \$10 taken them now worth double. Address, Lock box 305 Grayling, Mich.

Base Ball Goods for Men and Boys at Fournier's.

Another change this week. Goldie Pond, Joe Brick, Sophia Royce, and Edna Brown are the four leaders. Now is the time to hustle and get that watch free.

The Christian Endeavor society of the Presbyterian church will hold an "experience social" at the home of Mrs. Failling, Friday evening, May 31. A ten cent lunch will be served after the meeting to which all are invited.

R. Hanson and wife and Mr. Bay with his wife and child of Lewiston, expect to start for a visit to Denmark this week. Our people will unite with the **AVALANCHE** in wishing them a happy trip and safe return.

No more tickets given out for free dinner sets at S. H. Co.'s store after June 15. All tickets must be in by that date.

Alfred Sorenson will go to Chicago next week to a special school to perfect himself in certain lines of business. He will be missed while he is absent, but as he is an all around hustler, will be remembered and gladly welcomed back.

The school house built 20 years ago two miles north of the village was bought last fall by F. S. Burgess and converted into a meat market, but is remodeled into a neat residence, and will be occupied by Elmer Batterton, who returns from Lewiston to his R. R. work here.

Jim Dumps, by friends was asked to tell, What store the Sun Proof Paints did sell. At Sorenson's with a smile said he, The best paints are sold and guaranteed.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Again the angel of death has visited our Hive and taken our sister Mrs. Anna Olson.

RESOLVED, That we tender to the bereaved family, whose loss is so much greater than ours, our sincere sympathy in this dark hour of their affliction. Knowing full well that no earthly sympathy can assuage their grief, and be it

FURTHER RESOLVED, That our Charter be draped for sixty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved husband, and also a copy to the local paper for publication.

She has gone to her reward, one less on earth, one more in heaven to greet us as we are called to meet one.

ANNA EISENHAUER, AMANDA TYLER, Committee.

Card of Thanks.

Our thanks are extended to the kind friends and neighbors who brought to us such aid and sympathy during the time of our bereavement, and at the final obsequies. Our hope is that each of them may ever have such friends, if they have need.

Mrs. R. N. Flanagan.

Presbyterian Church.

Sabbath, June 2nd.
10.30 a. m. Preaching. Subject: "Onesiphorus not ashamed of Paul's Chains."

11.30 a. m. Sabbath School.
6.30 p. m. C. E. Meeting. Topic: "How to realize the presence of Christ." (Consecration meeting.)

7.30 p. m. Preaching. Subject: "The Christ we need."

7.30 p. m. Midweek prayer meeting on Wednesday evening.

All cordially invited to attend these services.

Methodist Church.

Preaching at 10:30 a. m.
Sunday School at noon.

Junior League at 3 p. m.

Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.
Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Subject of the evening sermon "The Burning but Unconsumed Bush."

The prayer meeting, Thursday night will be at 7:30.
All cordially invited.

Obituary.

DIED—At her home in this village Sunday morning, May 26, Anna, wife of H. P. Olson, aged 25 years.

After many months of intense suffering, borne with wondrous patience and fortitude, the Angel of death came kindly welcome to her relief. Though looked for by her friends, and longed for by her, the blow at last seemed sudden.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Kildggaard at the Lutheran church which was crowded with sympathizing friends, Tuesday afternoon, and the worn and wasted body laid to rest in Elmwood cemetery.

The L. O. T. M. M., of which deceased was a member, attended in a body, as did also the Citizen's Band of which the stricken husband was a member ever since its organization.

The floral tributes, expressive of the donors love were many and beautiful, and the heartfelt sympathy of the community was evident on every side.

Michael Schuh, of Wolverine, Cheboygan county, has invented a railroad tie, which may result in solving the great problem of something to take the place of the present wooden tie, which in a few years will become a thing of the past. Mr. Schuh's tie is practically indestructible, as it is made of concrete and steel. The tie is made of two concrete blocks, two feet square and six inches thick on which the rails rest. The blocks are connected by a steel bar three inches wide and one-half inch in thickness. Imbedded in the cement blocks will be wood blocks, on which will rest the rails which will be held in place by steel clips, which are bolted through the cement block and locked on the underside to prevent the bolts becoming loose. Practical railroad men who have seen Mr. Schuh's invention give it as their opinion that Mr. Schuh has a good thing.—Cheboygan News.

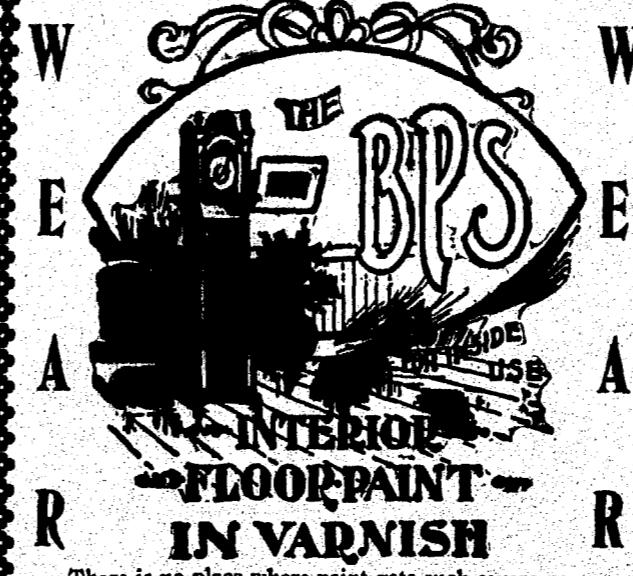
Next time you think of ordering goods from a catalogue house just take time enough to call on some of the merchants of this village who advertise in the **AVALANCHE**, and find out if they will not do as well, or a trifle better, by you than the aforementioned catalogue house. You might suggest that we advised you to try this. It won't do you or them any harm, and we believe it will do both some good. The merchant who really wants your trade and who advertises to get it, is the one to go to, every time.

B. E. Thayer, newspaper man, printer, and at present assistant agent at the M. C. freight office in this city, has bought the defunct Wolverine Express, and expects to locate at Wolverine with his family within the next few weeks. He will resuscitate the Express, add gasoline power and a lot of material to the outfit, and again enter into active newspaper work which he has followed the major portion of his life. Mr. Thayer has worked on the **CRAWFORD AVALANCHE**, the Herald-Times, in offices at Owosso and Ann Arbor, and for some time published a paper of his own in Lenawee county. As an all around country newspaper man we know of none superior. As an honorable gentleman and a public spirited, useful citizen he stands high in this community where he has made his home for the past six years. His departure will be much regretted by his associates. With Mr. Thayer at the helm of the Express we assure the citizens of Wolverine of a new, aggressive weekly paper, one that will be a credit to the town, and their money's worth to the last penny.—West Branch Herald.

Alfred Sorenson will go to Chicago next week to a special school to perfect himself in certain lines of business. He will be missed while he is absent, but as he is an all around hustler, will be remembered and gladly welcomed back.

The school house built 20 years ago two miles north of the village was bought last fall by F. S. Burgess and converted into a meat market, but is remodeled into a neat residence, and will be occupied by Elmer Batterton, who returns from Lewiston to his R. R. work here.

Jim Dumps, by friends was asked to tell, What store the Sun Proof Paints did sell. At Sorenson's with a smile said he, The best paints are sold and guaranteed.



There is no place where paint gets such severe usage as on a floor.

Heels are dug into it, shoes scrape, and water spilled, yet there is a paint that will stand all this.

It is the B. P. S. Interior Floor Paint.

This is floor paint in varnish and there is nothing more tough or elastic than it.

Spreads easily, and will dry hard over night. Ready for use. In six shades.

Our Sun Proof Paint is the most economical because; It Covers Farthest. It Wears Longest. It is Guaranteed for Five Years.

Sorenson's Furniture Store.

A FULL LINE OF Staple and Fancy Groceries

Fruits and Vegetables IN SEASON.

Orders For Campers Promptly Filled

CONNINE & CO.

The Boom Continues!

Lots sold on monthly payments.

Brink's Addition on the South side had more dwelling houses built on it in the past two years than any other two additions in the village of Grayling.

Don't Pay Rent! Get Yourself a Home!

TERMS TO SUIT PURCHASER.

W. F. BRINK.

GOLD WATCH

given away absolutely free!

To the person receiving the largest number of votes in this contest.

For each 25 cents purchase you will be given a ticket; \$1.00 four tickets, to be credited to yourself or friend. Each ticket entitles you to one vote.

As soon as a certain number of tickets have been disposed of, the one having the highest number of votes will receive the watch absolutely free. A committee will report highest vote each week.

NOW is the time to buy that watch or clock, chain, ring, bracelet, or silverware.

Bring in your repair work and help yourself or friend to get the watch.

You have been intending to have your eyes fitted, DO IT NOW,

C. J. HATHAWAY,

Graduate Optician, Watchmaker and Jeweler.

A Bargain FOR OUR

Subscribers

The New Idea Woman's Magazine

AND

The Crawford Avalanche.

Both, One Year for Only \$1.50

The New Idea Woman's Magazine contains over 100 pages each month of fashions, dressmaking, needlework and household helps.

Each number is beautifully illustrated and contains nine full-page fashion plates, some in color.

These two publications furnish reading for every member of the household.

Subscribe and pay for the **AVALANCHE**.

WATCH

this space for

NEW 'AD.'

Grayling Mercantile Co.,

Drugs.

Patent Medicines.

Central Drug Store

N. ROLSON PROPRIETOR

"The Best Drugs."

"Fishing Tackles

Thats fit for

FISHING"

We have the best of everything that the Fishermen need.

Bring us your Family Receipts.

Prescription Work a Specialty

J. A. MORRISON, Manager.

Cigar

Fire Insurance

Cheap Freight Rates to all Western Points.

ROLLA W. BRINK, Agent

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

Lenox Chocolates

We have just added a full line of Lenox

High Grade Chocolates, to our stock of candies.

Every package is guaranteed to conform with

the requirements of the pure food law. TRY

THEM.

FOURNIER'S DRUG STORE,

LUCIEN Fournier, Proprietor.

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

HORRORS OF FAMINE

14,000 HAVE PERISHED IN RUSSIAN PROVINCES.

Malignant Scrofula, Due to Insufficient or Improper Food, Rages in Indian Territory, Lays Waste Strange Compact Between Men.

From official representatives in eastern Russia the government has recently received harrowing accounts of the misery and destitution prevailing there, especially in the province of Ufa. Up to the end of April 20,000 cases of malignant scrofula were registered, all the result of insufficient or improper food. More than 230,000 poor of the province are being fed in public soup kitchens. Since the beginning of the year the number of deaths due directly to famine is computed at 14,000. Relief work is chiefly by private individuals and societies. The Russian government does little but nudge and interfere. The lower house of the Russian Parliament, by 170 to 166 votes, adopted the bill providing for the appropriation of \$8,750,000 for famine relief purposes. The Poles and members of the group of 101 abstained from voting.

BASE BALL STANDINGS.

Games Won and Lost by Clubs in Principal Leagues.		
NATIONAL LEAGUE.	W.	L.
Chicago ... 26	7	Boston ... 13
New York ... 23	12	Cincinnati ... 21
Philadelphia ... 19	12	St. Louis ... 9
Pittsburg ... 17	12	Brooklyn ... 7

AMERICAN LEAGUE.			
W.	L.	W.	L.
Columbus ... 18	13	Milwaukee ... 16	17
Kansas City ... 10	12	St. Paul ... 16	18
Minneapolis ... 17	13	Indianapolis ... 15	20
Toledo ... 16	14	Louisville ... 12	17

SUIT REVEALS FAUST IN LIFE.

Man Gets \$12,000 to Kill Self in Year, Weds Heiress and Refuses.
In Covington, Ind., T. George Johnson, a wealthy stock man, has brought suit against Henry James for \$50,000, reviving a modern drama of the Faust variety equaling Goethe's original. Johnson alleges that James made an agreement with him for a consideration of \$12,000 to kill himself at the end of one year, thereby leaving Johnson \$50,000 life insurance, which James had obtained in favor of Johnson. James took the \$12,000, went to Sag Harbor, spent money lavishly and married an heiress. Johnson alleges that James both refuses to repay the \$12,000 or kill himself, according to contract.

Sees End of White Plague.
Dr. Nicholas Sean, the famous Chicago surgeon, has aroused much comment in Omaha by the prediction that consumption will be entirely eliminated in twenty-five years. Dr. Sean has been bold to this belief by the thoroughness with which all the large cities of the country have grappled with the disease in the last two or three years.

Settles with Victim's Widow.
Philip Schwartz, known as the "Duke of Shantytown," who is under indictment for murder in the first degree for shooting Police Officer Satters in Cincinnati, paid \$650 to the widow. Mrs. Satters had sued for \$10,000, claiming that was the value of her husband's service to his family. The \$650 was a compromise.

Mrs. McKinley Is Dead.
Mrs. William McKinley died at her Canton, Ohio, home without regaining consciousness after her recent stroke of paralysis. President Roosevelt and Vice President Fairbanks attended the funeral Tuesday afternoon.

Body Found in Trunk.
The body of a murdered New York priest was found in a trunk left in a rooming house as security for a rent bill. Police are searching for two men who occupied the room.

Much Money in Dividends.
The principal corporations of the United States, numbering 320, will distribute in interest and dividends in the month of June the sum of \$70,000,000, according to a report from New York.

Death of Theodore Tilton.
Theodore Tilton, who became famous as the plaintiff in the \$100,000 damage suit against Henry Ward Beecher, died in Paris after thirty years of life almost as a recluse.

Bank Robbers Get \$1,200.
Bank robbers cracked the safe in the bank at Wimberley, City, Neb. They secured about \$1,200.

Tiger Kills a Child.
A royal Bengal tiger at Twin Falls, Idaho, broke his cage, killed a 4-year-old girl, clawed many ponies and injured several people before being shot.

Miscarries Wreck Train.
Limited train No. 20 on the Southern Pacific coast line was wrecked at West Glendale, ten miles north of Los Angeles, Cal. The wreck was the deliberate work of train wreckers. One man was killed and twenty-two persons injured, three possibly fatally.

Bodentea Minnesota Monument.
The \$25,000 monument erected by Minnesota in honor of its soldiers who participated in the siege of Vicksburg was dedicated at Vicksburg, Miss., by Governor Johnson of Minnesota and Vardaman of Mississippi and their staffs. Bad weather curtailed the program.

May Be King of Hungary.
The Berlin correspondent of the London Daily Mail says that one of the many theories concerning the future of Prince Eitel Friedrich, the Kaiser's son, is that he is destined by his father to be the King of Hungary.

ATTACK GUARD AND ESCAPE.

Chinese Workhouse Prisoners at Toledo Gain Their Liberty.

Overpowering Guard Trepmt, whom they brutally assaulted with their fists, thirteen prisoners at the Toledo, Ohio, workhouse made their escape. The escape had been carefully planned and the attack was so sudden that the other guards were taken unawares. Only prompt action on the part of the other guards prevented a wholesale delivery of all the prisoners employed in the brickyard. The escaped men were employed on the brick machine and guarded by Trepmt. Without warning all hands sprang upon the guard and he was overpowered, choked and beaten. The prisoners made a wild dash toward the fence and after knocking off the boards made their escape toward a railroad bridge. After crossing on the ties they went in different directions. Immediately after the escape had been made known armed guards from the workhouse were sent in pursuit of the men. The Toledo police as well as the police and constables of the surrounding country were immediately notified. Police mounted on motor cycles overtook two of the prisoners at Air Line Junction and placed them under arrest. One of the captured men is said to have been the leader in the delivery. All the prisoners who escaped were attained in the regulation prison uniform. Later five more of the prisoners were captured. Three were caught by the marshal and a posse at Syrauna and two were apprehended by Toledo officers at Wauseon.

OLD SETTLERS IN YOUNG-TOWN.

Picnic for Pioneers Announced in City Founded 14 Months Ago.

Flaring posters announce an "old settlers picnic," June 4 and 5, at Murdo, S. D. By the Milwaukee railroad calendar Murdo is exactly 14 months old, just able to walk, but quite able to make itself heard, as the noisy posters prove. Murdo is on the line of the Milwaukee extension in the former domain of the Sioux Indians. The hills tell of grand, glorious, hilarious fun with 1,000 Sioux Indians in sham battle and "warriors of Wounded Knee" exhibiting prowess and cunning. There are to be "startling, thrilling and giddy sun and Sioux war dances in full paint and war costumes." Other specialties on which the "oldest living inhabitants" will gaze will be "wild Indian butchering contests," bronco busting and roping contests, races, ball games, tugs of war and a bowery dance.

KNIFE TO MAKE BOY GOOD!

Omaha Youth Will Have Growth Cut from Head.

Eight-year-old Davy Markovitz of Omaha, the boy who simply cannot be good, is to have a surgeon's knife inserted into his head to take the badness out of him. This will be the first time the Omaha juvenile court has ordered a surgical operation to cure the disease of delinquency. Davy has been before the court a number of times and has been forgiven on his promise to be good. When it came to keeping the promise, however, Davy always failed. Then physicians discovered that adenoid growths were pressing upward from the neck and back of the nose, and, pushing against the brain, constricting its growth. The removal of these is not a dangerous operation, and it is believed, will remove the cause of the boy's wickedness.

BAN ON FAKE REMEDY HOUSES.

Chicago Concerns Doing Illegal Business Denied Use of Mails.

Fraudulent and illegal medical advertisements are to be rigorously excluded from the mails. In beginning the crusade the Postoffice Department has chosen among others several firms doing business from headquarters in Chicago and will make them "horrible examples." No surprise was caused when postal officials discovered that many of the names under which the concerns have been conducted are fictitious. In all cases where the department agents find persons engaged in performing illegal operations and in selling illegal medicines, fraud orders will be issued excluding the concerns from the mails under whatever name the business may be conducted.

Gas Explosion Cremates Five.

Two Americans, well-known millionaires and three foreigners were cremated, and four foreigners were seriously burned when an explosion occurred at the Eliza furnace No. 1 of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, Ltd., in the Hazelwood district of Pittsburgh. Of a crew of ten men at the furnace when the accident happened, only one, a foreigner, escaped unharmed.

Union Label for Farm Products.

The St. Louis Equity Exchange that aims to control the price of farm products has been organized by Rev. J. T. Tuohy, a Catholic priest; George W. Wickline and Owen Miller, with headquarters in Indianapolis and unions in fourteen States. A union label, to be put on all union farm produce, is to be adopted.

Child Brutally Murdered.

Walter O'Neill, the 11-year-old son of Thomas O'Neill, a prominent resident of Superior, Wis., was found dead in a Northern Pacific box car. The boy had been missing since bidding his mother good-by to go to school two days before. One side of his head was smashed, and the police say it is a case of murder.

Officials Seize Waterworks.

Major Carlie and the fire department at Salyer, Ohio, took forcible possession of the Salem Water Company's plant, started the fire and resumed the service twenty hours after the company, charged with its failure to obtain a new franchise at increased rates, put out the fire and ordered a suspension of service.

Shock of Losing Suit Kills.

Philander L. Johnson, a Cleveland millionaire, 84 years old, died just twelve hours after the suit of Mrs. Kate Dolan, a former maid, at the Johnson home had been decided against him. Mrs. Dolan had sued for collection on notes aggregating \$4,000, which she alleged the dead millionaire gave her.

Two Chicago Men Are Saved.

W. L. and O. K. Ball, the two Chicago men lost in a disabled launch of Prince William sound, Alaska, were rescued by the launch Flirt of Valdez off Terler bay. They had been drifting for a week out to sea and back, the boat disabled and without food. They were crazed from exposure.

Acquits ex-Judge Hargis.

Former Judge James Hargis, charged with the murder of Thomas Cockrell, was found not guilty in Lexington, Ky. The jury returned the verdict after long deliberation.

Five Killed by Explosion.

The third explosion of ammonia in the Armour plant in Chicago killed five and injured two others, bringing the total fatalities for the three accidents to twenty.

Mr. McKinley Paralyzed.

Mr. William McKinley, widow of the late President, has been stricken with paralysis at her home in Canton, Ohio, and her physicians hold out no hope for her recovery.

POLICEMAN A ROBBER

CHICAGO PATROLMAN IS ALSO A HIGHWAYMAN.

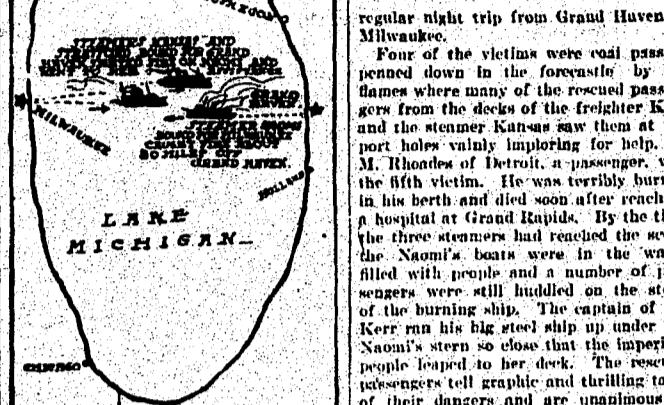
Confesses to Superiors That He Held Up Man with Whom He Had Been Drinking—Short-Weight Groceries Confiscated by State.

Arrested while traveling beat as a guardian of the law and thrown into a cell in the South Chicago police station while in full uniform, his star torn off his breast, and other evidences of his authority taken from him. Policeman John McKay of the Englewood station is held a prisoner on the charge of highway robbery. The charge was preferred by Tony Jokouski. He declares that the policeman and James O'Brien, now a prisoner at the bridewell, had and robbed him of \$135 following a drunken spree. McKay has confessed and O'Brien will be brought back from the bridewell, where he was taken on a minor charge, and booked with him as a highwayman. McKay broke down in Capt. Dorman's office. He wept and told his superior that he could not give any explanation of his action in attacking Jokouski. He said he met O'Brien in South Chicago the night of the robbery and that he later met Jokouski in a saloon at Eighty-seventh street and Superior avenue. All had several drinks and were on the way to Jokouski's home, when O'Brien suggested the robbery. After the robbery Jokouski reported it to the South Chicago police and the search for the policeman began. McKay was arrested at 2 a. m. by Capt. Dorman and Lieut. Smith of the South Chicago station. He was then patrolling his beat in the vicinity of Sixty-third street and Wentworth avenue. He was taken to Capt. Dorman's private office and confessed.

SEASIDE BURNED IN LAKE AND LOCATION OF DISASTER.



STEAMER "NAOMI"



LAKE MICHIGAN

WISCONSIN

ILLINOIS

MICHIGAN

WISCONSIN

ILLINOIS

Popular

CHRIST CALMS VOYAGE OF LIFE.

By Rev. C. G. Wright.
And they that were in the boat worshipped Him.—Matt. xiv. 33.

It was on board a yacht at sea that Jesus was first worshipped as a divine being, and the worshippers on this occasion were seafaring men.

He was fond of the sea and of boats and of the men who "go down to the sea in ships". In fact, it appears possible that His trade was that of boat carpenter instead of house carpenter, and doubtless He had a thorough knowledge of sailing craft, sailing and sailor men; and we know that He preached and taught from the decks aboard.

Now Jesus is still going to sea—sailing and voyaging with who we go seeking pleasure, or duty, or business in "great waters". But we, like these disciples of old, are prone to leave Him behind when we sail.

Jonah was not the first nor the last man who went out to sea to escape the presence of the Lord and to get away from duty and opportunity. It is a very common mistake, and most of us have made it at some time in our lives and may be about to fall into the same error again this season.

In this story of the sea and sea-going men the first important fact we come upon is that of their recognition of Jesus in this new situation—new only to them. To these disciples it was a discovery. Though gold is gold and its precious threads extend throughout the surface of the earth, yet each new outcropping when found is called discovery by the prospector. So truth has to be recognized over and over again in different situations, and new outcroppings and the infinite character and face of God must be discovered over and over again in every age, in every life, and in all the changing scenes and situations of history.

The sea has aspects all its own, and life afloat is unique and set with peculiar features and surrounded with an atmosphere of romance and unreality which tends to mislead us and to distort our views of things, of people and selves. But, in fact, in all essential features and phases life and things and people are identical with those ashore; and so is our dear Lord the same in all places and situations, so that He fits the sea and ships as perfectly and helpfully and blessedly as He does the home and church ashore and is Master of the "great deep" as of all situations.

What a picture of our life voyage is this scene on the Sea of Galilee. Separation from our Lord; darkness, contrary winds and whirling seas of heart storms and brain tempests and of crowding affairs; the spirit of adventure, ever prone to take risks, sailing close to the wind and rushing into temptation and danger; doubtless "ifs" thrust before our finest opportunities and superstitious alarms and groundless terrors at new manifestations and the Divine presence.

It was not till their terror was allayed that they came about and suffered Him to approach their craft. In John's account we learn that it was not till after He had made himself known and said to them, "It is I, be not afraid," that they were willing to receive Him into the boat.

This was the second important fact accomplished when they received Him abroad, but the greatest thing that happened there that night was this: They that were in the boat worshipped Him, saying: "Of a truth thou art the Son of God." Haste to get Him on board, O seafarer, and serve and worship Him on deck so cordially and loyally as at home or church ashore. He brings happiness with Him. Hear His call, "Be of good cheer, it is I."

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

By Henry F. Cope.
"Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"
"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi. 30-31.

The answer that satisfied that particular man at that particular time may not satisfy every man to-day. At any rate, when the honest inquirer comes with such a question and receives an answer in the same terms, it is likely to him to seem like no answer at all; he turns away with a puzzled look, as if instead of helping him out of his difficulties the answer had but increased them.

The man who asks this question in any verbal form whatsoever means certain definite things by it. Ignoring the theological definitions of salvation, he seeks to find freedom from certain habits; he would wipe out a tormenting, haunting past; he would prepare for a better future. He is not shaking with apprehension of a yawning pit; he is filled with loathing at an unsatisfactory life.

With the true man, to be saved is something other than being taken just as he is and lifted to some sheltered spot where he may be protected from the consequences of his own evil-doings. He desires a change in character rather than in condition; he would turn life from its briars and tangles, its passions and sorrows to some way that is lifted clear above the fear, follies, and failings of the past.

He is not worried about doctrines or opinions; he is not fearing punishment for intellectual vagaries or credal shortcomings. So if you answer his deep questionings with a demand that he accept certain doctrines, that he force himself to faith in certain facts about even the greatest of the sons of men, your remedy seems unrelated to his disease; it turns away empty and unheeded.

And yet the answer that satisfied men long ago has in it all men need to-day. But it contains more than we realize. It means something more by far than the formal intellectual acquiescence with certain historical state-

ments. No man ever solved the problem of his life or found firm places for his feet by seeking his way through any intellectual propositions.

But if we can but see the significance of that life lived long ago; if we can but receive its wonderful message, then we find life, we overcome the past, and enter upon our own salvation. It is not words about Jesus that save men; it is taking him and all his life as the word, the message, about God and man, about the way of life, and the truth of all things, that leads the life out into full glory and freedom.

Here was a life, lived on the plane of our own, meeting our needs, sorrows and assaults, yet marvelously clear, uninterrupted in touch with heaven, revealing supernatural sources of spiritual strength, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but showing the possibility of overcoming them by yet closer touch with the infinite.

Here was a life that ever turned its face to the Father of all; a life that looked up and lived up. Sin is living down, missing, and falling away from the mark of man's possibilities. Salvation is living up, growing, going forward, reaching toward the mark. Catch the trend of that life, look on life with his eyes, turn in the direction he faces. In other words, believe that he is right and set yourself with him.

Here was a life that ever believed in the possibilities of better things. Jesus had faith in the possibility of goodness; he believed in virtue, honor, truth. He may not have seen much of these things in others; but he believed there could be more, and he looked on the virtues as things not unattainable for himself. A man indeed is lost when he has ceased to believe in the possibility of goodness for himself or in his fellow men.

Now was this all: here was a life in the beauty of harmony and helpfulness with all other men. He was hated by the breeders of discontent and prejudices because he was by his own life teaching men to live together as brothers. His was not only a face turned toward a Father in heaven; it was a tender face and a helping hand turned toward all his fellows.

To believe on Jesus Christ may have little to do with questions of history or of philosophy; it has to do with seeing in him and in his life the best interpretation of life, the secret of our living, the message for our own manhood; with seeing life through his eyes, setting the race in the direction that he lived, seeing God and man as he saw them; finding in him our teacher, following him as our master in the art of living.

SOUL CULTURE.

By Rev. John S. Heisler.

Text: "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."—II. Peter iii. 18.

We are expected to cultivate every part of our being. Physical culture and mental culture must always claim our attention. But above every other kind of culture is soul culture, as the soul is the supreme part of our being. After God made man's body out of the dust of the ground he breathed into him the breath of life and he became a living soul. It was God's own nature which He breathed into him, thus making him a partaker of the divine nature.

But this divine nature was lost in the transgression, and now it is necessary that God shall do for fallen man what He did for the first man, to breathe into his dead soul the life of God. Here is the doctrine of regeneration or the new birth; when we are born of God, which consists in righteousness and true holiness. Here is the foundation of soul culture.

And here we call attention to the provisions which God has made for our advancement in the knowledge and love of God. First, we have the holy scriptures which are able to make us wise unto salvation. This Book is a lamp to our feet and a light to our path. Here is set forth every duty which we owe to God and men, and if any exhortation arises in our lives not directly pointed out in the letter, our Savior points out a great principle which may always govern us. He furnishes us with his brief summary of God's law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, soul and strength and thy neighbor as thyself." In this is fulfilled all the law and the prophets. Some things in the scriptures are not easily understood, but everything which relates to practical life is as clear as a sunbeam.

Short Meter Sermons.

Modesty multiplies merit.

There is no sanctity without service.

The thoughtless never are harmless.

Large sorrows come from little sins.

The heart is bankrupt when it has no love to spare.

Lazy folks lose a lot of energy telling how busy they are.

It takes a brave man to be willing to be called a coward.

The weakest people are those who are running from duty.

You never taste the wine of life until some of its fruits are crushed.

It's a great pity that the people who invent troubles do not patent them.

In the temple of a great and good life almost all the bricks are small.

Conscience never makes cowards of us until we turn our backs on it.

Many a man goes back by being too anxious about putting up a good front.

It is better to have to regret many a loss than to earn the profits of re-investment.

The greatest sin is not the making of a mistake, but the being satisfied with it.

The religion that lays emphasis on the sight of God and with God as in the sight of God and with God as in the sight of men.

There is only one way to happiness and that is found by looking for chances to help other folk.

If you are waiting for a golden harp before your life begins, the heavenly song you are likely to sing is not at all.

DIVORCED.



FIENDISH WRECK PLOT.

Coast Line Limited Hurled from Trestle Near Los Angeles.

A diabolical train-wrecking plot was perpetrated near Los Angeles, Cal., that resulted in the death of one man and the injury of twenty-two persons, four of whom are dying.

Train No. 20, one of the Southern Pacific's coast line flyers, Tuesday night was hurled from the tracks on a trestle at West Glendale by the devious work of murderous train wreckers. Seven cars plunged off the trestle, while the train was making forty miles an hour, falling sixteen feet to the bottom of a gulch.

In accomplishing the wreck of the train, which was the "Coast Line Limited," a devilish ingenuity was exercised. At a point on a trestle over the Arroyo Seco the dislodges and bolts of two connecting rails on the south-bound track had been removed, and in the apertures whence the bolts were taken strands of heavy wire were fastened at the end of each rail. From the appearance of the track after the wreck it was evident that some person hidden on a hillside close to the trestle had pulled the wire as the train approached and spread the rails outward toward the edge of the trestle.

The train, three hours late, was travelling at a rate of between thirty and forty miles an hour. The engine wheels were first to leave the rails and the engine took to the ties, travelling nearly 100 yards before it was brought to a standstill.

The tender, the dinar, two Pullmans, the buffet, mail and baggage cars plunged over the edge of the trestle, falling a distance of sixteen feet. The buffet car, the express car, and one of the Pullmans were turned upside down and the others landed on their sides. All were badly crushed and splintered.

INVADING MEXICO.

American Farmers Are Benefiting Themselves and the Greasers.

More than a hundred families from the United States have gone into the republic of Mexico during the last thirty days to develop farming lands along the northern border.

They took their household effects and went to live just like they have been living in the United States. This is something of a departure from the plan heretofore followed with but indifferent success by people from the States who have gone to live on farms in Mexico.

The old plan was to form colonies. The colony proposition was not a great success. It was due more to the failure of the colonists to agree and adapt themselves to their environment than to any other cause that the colonies were not successful.

It has been discovered by the pioneer Americans on farms of Mexico that conditions in the republic are stable and there is no need for colonies. So individual American families are now developing themselves on haciendas in Mexico just as they used to do in the West. They are becoming neighbors to the Mexican families and each is learning something to advantage from the other.

So far as the experiment of individual effort at farming in Mexico by Americans has gone, it has proven successful. The cotton-growing possibilities of the republic have never been appreciated by the people beyond the Rio Grande, and in this one line there promises to be great profit for the American farmers who understand growing the staple. The high price of cotton is an inducement to these farmers to plant cotton.

The Mexicans are learning the American style of agriculture from their neighbors from the States, and the general result of immigration of families of farmers from the United States to occupy the cheap lands of Mexico promises to be very good.

Lazy folks lose a lot of energy telling how busy they are.

It takes a brave man to be willing to be called a coward.

The weakest people are those who are running from duty.

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MOB SLAYS WOMAN AND CHILD.

Lives Lost in Race Conflict in Georgia—Shots on Both Sides.

At Reidsville, Ga., a mob included a colored woman and children among its victims in a "lynching." One white man and four colored persons were killed and seven are on the injured list as a result of an effort to capture a colored man who attempted to attack Mrs. Laura Moore, a widow living near Maconas.

Fifteen persons surrounded the house of Sam Padgett, whom they suspected of harboring the colored man, and demanded to be allowed to search the home. Permission was given, but within thirty feet of the house those inside the building opened fire on the posse, instantly killing Hare and wounding Pierson, Daniel and Kennedy. The posse then returned the fire, killing Padgett and his 10-year-old daughter and wounding two other girls, aged 6 and 13, and two of Padgett's sons, aged 20 and 22.

The colored man who shot Hare was started for Reidsville jail, together with Padgett's wife and son, who also were caught. On the way the officers were overtaken by about seventy-five men, who took the prisoners from them. The woman was told to run, and as she did so she was riddled with bullets, her son being shot to pieces where he stood. The other prisoner was jailed.

WAGES ON THE CANAL.

Secretary Taft Affirms Rates of Pay and Hours of Labor.

The police departments of Laporte and Michigan City are investigating the strange disappearance of Miss Edna Antunes. The young woman arrived at Michigan City, bringing all of her clothing, and stopped at a fashionable boarding house. She remained five days and then left with the statement she was going to Laporte. Nothing has since been heard of her. Her apparel is still in the boarding house, but the police have failed to throw any light on the strange disappearance. Miss Antunes is a member of one of the most prominent families in Berrien county.

GALIEN GIRL IS MISSING.

Edna Antunes Disappears in Indiana and Cannot Be Found.

The police departments of Laporte and Michigan City are investigating the strange disappearance of Miss Edna Antunes. The young woman arrived at Michigan City, bringing all of her clothing, and stopped at a fashionable boarding house. She remained five days and then left with the statement she was going to Laporte. Nothing has since been heard of her. Her apparel is still in the boarding house, but the police have failed to throw any light on the strange disappearance. Miss Antunes is a member of one of the most prominent families in Berrien county.

BIG STEAMER SAVES TWO.

Naomi Shelters Half-swamped Cause of Muskegon Boys Daring Storm.

John C. Buckema and Martin Trapp, two Muskegon youths narrowly escaped drowning in a storm that swept over Muskegon lake. They were out in a canoe when a terrific storm, accompanied by a blinding rain, broke over the lake. Buckema skillfully kept the bow of the boat headed into the waves while Trapp shouted for help. The canoe was half-filled with water when the big steamer Naomi, of the Crosby line, put out from its wharf and sheltered the boat until the exhausted occupants paddled back to shore.

WHIRLED AROUND SHAFT.

Bay City Man's Clothing Torn from His Body.

Robert Gamble, employed at the National Cycle works in Bay City, escaped death by a narrow margin. Gamble was working over a shaft when a set screw caught his clothing. He was whirled around several times before his clothing gave way. Gamble was practically pinned to the skin, but suffered no greater injury than a few bruises.

Nephew Smith's Chief Heir.

The fortune held by the late James N. Smith, known in Wall street as "Silent Smith," which was believed to be near \$50,000,000, has now been divided among the heirs by the will probated at New York on the day of the funeral. The real value of the estate is found to be not over \$25,000,000. Of this the largest piece goes to George G. Mason, a nephew, who has worked his way up from the shop in the service of the St. Paul railroad. He gets \$12,000,000. A third goes to another nephew, William Smith Mason, a young real estate man of Evanston, Ill., while \$3,000,000 left to the widow, \$1,000,000 to a titled sister, Naomi, of the Crosby line, put out from the sun.

Naomi, of the Crosby line, put out from the sun.

Naomi's chief heir.

Buy the Harrison Wagon.

The Best on Wheels.
For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

MEMORIAL SERMON.

At M. E. Church, May 26, 1907, by

REV. E. W. FRAZEE.

"In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not."—Matt. 2:18

"Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment."—John 12:3

"Then Jesus said unto them, She hath wrought a good work upon me. She did it for my burial."—Mat. 26:10, 12

The "ointment" is a nation's gratitude and our country today is filled, as no other land was ever filled, "with the odor of the ointment."

It has been said that "Republics are ungrateful," but this day's remembrance of her loved and honored dead, will at least, redeem our Republic from the reproach.

The large and generous effusion of the best life of our nation on the 2,000 battlefields of a great civil war, calls us together today, and no words are more fitted to the occasion than the scriptures I have just read.

We bring today, the anointing of love and gratitude for those who have found their last resting place on their country's bosom.

And like her whose good offices for the Redeemer of the world were performed in advance, by anointing Him for His burial before His death, we are not to wait until those yet living go into unconsciousness, before we extend to them our appreciation of what they did for our country 40 years ago, when they saved her from being dismembered and broken.

Your burial with your comrades of the march and the battlefield can not now be very long delayed, and that a providence ever over us in peace and war has permitted you to see the benefits that could not come until their eyes were closed, should not make us less mindful of the days when equally with them, you gave yourselves, your lives that the country might live.

That your country could live without the consummation of the sacrifice, does not either diminish or detract from what you had given.

You stood in the ranks with them, made the same sacrifices they made, and exposed yourselves to the same miseries of death.

You, with them, were equally bound and laid like Isaac, on the altar hand of horrid war was "stretched forth to slay."

Isaac was not less given because the angel arrested the outstretched hand before it fell and the father was permitted to again press his son to his bosom.

That the Angel of Peace should arrest the hand of war before it fell on you, and that you should be again pressed to the bosom of those who had given you to their country, as Abraham had given Isaac up to God, does not make the measure of your devotion any less than their's who paid that measure to its full. If the war had continued you would have fallen the same as they.

We are not to forget the living while we honor the dead and when the time comes we will write on your tombstone as well as on theirs,

"Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

A stranger coming into our northern cities 40 years ago would be surprised to see so many men on crutches, men with one arm gone, one hand gone, one eye gone, or otherwise disfigured and scarred.

Crutches seemed common as canes and empty sleeves almost a fashion.

Business was chiefly done in mourning goods. Ladies dresses and jewelry were black and draped as fashion able as lace and flowers.

When I afterward became a pastor in this state it needed no one to tell me what was after the war.

It met me every Sabbath in the congregation. When I came to the homes of my people, the tokens and mementos of the war were there and the conversation would be broken with tears. I met people in prayer meeting who were like the bereft after a funeral. It was a mother whose son had died of his wounds after the war was over, of the lingering illness that sent him home, or killed years since in battle, the old feeling would break out. Home, brothers, husbands had never come from the war, or came home but to die.

You could scarcely look at the picture of a family group but one manly form or more was gone. This one lay at Gettysburg, that one died in prison and another was brought home from Tennessee and buried.

There were indeed "many widows in Israel," and many a mother

"in accents weak."

Had called her son an orphan boy."

The words I have read were true in the time of Jeremiah and true in both Hebrews and Judas when the infant martyrs for theaviour were slaughtered

by King Herod in a general massacre and now are true again.

Rama is not a small strip of Palestine like one of our countries, but cities and villages and country homes from the ocean to the mountains and the slope beyond to the other ocean; it is the heart of a continent, it is the center of half a world.

It is a matter of question whether Noah's flood that swept away the race spread over a much larger surface.

"In this Rama was there a voice heard lamentation and weeping and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not."—Matt. 2:18

"Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment."—John 12:3

"Then Jesus said unto them, She hath wrought a good work upon me. She did it for my burial."—Mat. 26:10, 12

The "ointment" is a nation's gratitude and our country today is filled, as no other land was ever filled, "with the odor of the ointment."

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drain and devastation of other countries brought increased prosperity to our own.

It made good time. Our farms yielded excessive profit, our manufactory's were brisk and thriving, work plenty, wages good and all our industries felt the impulse, the thrill of a quickened life.

But Columbia saw another sight. Within a period whose boundaries were less than five years apart, this country presented to what was left of itself, to other nations and to heaven a sight from which our fathers would have hid their faces in horror, a dream of which in 1776 would have crushed our infant Republic in its birth.

It is a matter of question whether Noah's flood that swept away the race spread over a much larger surface.

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at the prison, the grave. These words all have meaning. It is a deadline wherever you turn.

The real history of the war is not written. It can not be. The survivors can not tell what they heard and saw and passed through.

Some fell in battle, some died in the hospital, some came sick and wounded home and died among their friends and some dropped into the sea.

Some are buried in nameless graves near where they fell, some have been brought home and buried in our own cemeteries and some have died in that hell of all places, a rebel prison.

And let me say that for one to die there in the smallest calamity the place affords. A place prepared for the devil and his angels" could scarce exceed in horrors a confederate prison.

The prison of Chillon, celebrated by Byron has been reproduced in horrid forms at Libby, and Andersonville. A living skeleton sickened by his own sufferings and the misery around him and lying beside a dead brother are scenes that can not be forgotten.

Sickness and insanity came with starvation and death. It was death to cross the dead line, it was death to stay behind it.

A few months in rebel prison and it seemed like years in Spanish dungeons, French Bastilles or Italian torture houses. And out of these it was almost resurrection for our boys to come.

But now he is home. God's Resurrection Angel will take care of the dead brother and our once more peaceful country receives and welcomes "The hosts of God and freedom."

Back from the well won field. The matron shall clasp her first born With tears of joy and pride And the scarred and war worn lover, Shall claim his promised bride."

But those hosts are greatly thinned. Those who waved their handkerchiefs and bade our boys adieu with cheers received them back in mourning and those whose loved ones did come back generously refrained from rejoicing except in secret on account of those whose loved ones did not come.

But those who stood beside you in the battle, and lay beside you when the battle was over, and were your companions in the hospital and the prison will lay beside you in the tomb.

But it shall not be forgotten. Our Republic is not, shall not be ungrateful, but shall honor her loved and loyal dead until those that died for the nation and the nation they died for shall sleep together in the dust.

Those who stood beside you in the battle, and lay beside you when the battle was over, and were your companions in the hospital and the prison will lay beside you in the tomb.

But it shall not be forgotten. Our Republic is not, shall not be ungrateful, but shall honor her loved and loyal dead until those that died for the nation and the nation they died for shall sleep together in the dust.

And you know when there is no companion left to lay a flower, the fairest and noblest hand our country can furnish will be chosen to do it for you, and not until the mother forgets the grave of her child, will your country forget yours, or forget that she owes her life to those who lie buried in her bosom.

It won't be long before they're gone; Not one will be alive.

Who fought for us in those sad years From sixty-one to five.

Their ranks grew thinner every year. On each Memorial day We find that death has sounded taps For comrades passed away.

It won't be long before they're gone Beyond life's fevered fret.

But sacred shall their memory be—

We never can forget.

How grand their rally round the flag In manhood's splendid prime.

Ah! many fell and few are left To tell of that dread time.

It won't be long before they're gone.